

# Garden Grove

## Sublime

We took this trip to Garden Grove  
It smelled like Lou-dog inside the van, oh yeah  
This ain't no funky reggae party, \$5 at the door  
It gets so real sometimes, who wrote my rhyme  
I've got the microwave, got the VCR  
I got the deuce-deuce in the trunk of my car, oh yeah  
If you only knew all the love that I found  
It's hard to keep my soul on the ground  
You're a fool, don't fuck around with my dog  
All that I can see I steal, I fill up my garage  
'Cause in my mind  
Music from Jamaica, all the love that I found  
Pull over there's a reason why my soul's unsound  
It's you  
It's that shit stuck under my shoe  
It's that smell inside the van  
It's my bed sheet covered with sand  
Sitting through a shitty band  
Getting dog shit on my hands  
Getting hassled by the man  
Waking up to an alarm  
Sticking needles in your arm  
Picking up trash on a freeway  
Feeling depressed everyday  
Leaving without making a sound  
Picking my dog up at the pound  
Living in a tweaker pad  
Getting yelled at by my dad  
Saying I'm happy when I'm not  
Finding roaches in the pot  
All these things I do  
They're waiting for you

Songwriters

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